

Reflections on the New-Year.

(ORIGINAL.)

WELL, said I, at the close of a New Year's Day, after having sought in vain for some amusement proportionate to the occasion—after all, *man* is a strange being! While wholesome labour gives vigour to his limbs and elasticity to his mind, or mental cultivation is ennobling his soul, and moulding him to a closer resemblance of his Maker, in the enjoyment of all the comforts, ability, and resolution placed before him, greeting friends and smiling relatives; he looks forward to a day of rest, of relaxation of—of *pleasure*. His constant theme of complaint is, that *Time* in his never ceasing, never changing rotation, allows him no respite; and when the day so anxiously looked for, and upon which so many fond anticipations have been built, actually arrives, he hastens out in holiday trim, forgetful of the past, regardless of the future—the crowd receives him—he flits from place to place, novel spectacles, merry scenes, exhibitions and entertainments are eagerly sought for and deserted. These, so far from gratifying his desires, or supplying a fund of enjoyment, are considered only as the *precursors* to something more satisfactory. The feverish whirl of expectation forbids him thought, shuts out *reality*, and leaves him languid and worn out; vainly striving to cheat himself into the belief, that the day has been productive of satisfaction, or that his bodily exertions have been crowned with a tythe of the rewards his zealous imagination had so fondly pictured. Slowly and imperceptibly *reason* gains her empire, and then the *philosophy* of occasional and general relaxation exhibits itself. *Rational* amusement considered in relation to quality and quantity is all that man is capable of enjoying, but this he is unwilling to believe until its truth is too forcibly impressed upon him by *disappointment*, to be denied. *Universal* consent supplies an opportunity, the experiment is tried, acquiescence granted, and the *fruits* appear in the *eagerness*. The increased zest with which he commences, and the

assiduity with which he pursues the ordinary avocations of life, until *time* has, in a measure, obliterated the lesson of the *past*; and then instruction is required to publish it anew. B—.

St. John, 1811.

THE DECLINE OF LIFE.—There is an eventide in human life—a season when the eye becomes dim, and the strength decays, and when the winter of age begins to shed upon the human head its prophetic snows. It is the season of life to which the autumn is most analogous, and which it becomes, and much would it profit you, my elder readers, to mark the instruction which it brings. The spring and summer of their days are done, and with them not only the joys they knew, but many of the friends who gave them. You have entered upon the autumn of your being, and whatever may have been the profusion of your spring, or the warm temperament of your summer, there is yet a season of stillness and solitude, which the beneficence of heaven affords you, in which you may meditate upon the past, and prepare yourself for the mighty change which you must soon undergo.

It is now you may understand the magnificent language of Heaven—it mingles its voice with that of Revelation—it summons you in the hours when the leaves of the fall and the winter is gathering, to the evening study which the mercy of Heaven has provided in the book of salvation. And while the shadowy valley opens, which leads to the abode of death, it speaks of that love which conducts to those green pastures, and those still waters where there is an eternal spring for the children of God.—Allison.

HUMILITY is the most beautiful garment of the Christian. It is pleasing to the sight of God and man. When he puts off this garment, which is the distinguished mark of his profession, he offends all, and is liable to be wounded by an adversary, whose shafts could not penetrate its foldings. It is his armour as well as his mantle.